

Kingston Trio, The

"Early Morning Rain"

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In the early morning rain with a dollar in my hand
With an achin' in my heart and my pockets full of sand
I'm a long way from home and I miss my darlin' so
In the early mornin' rain, with no place to go

Out on runway number nine, big seven-o-seven set to
go
But I'm stuck here on the grass where them cold winds
blow
Yeah, the liquor tasted good and the women all were
fast
Ah, but there she goes, my friend, though she's rollin'
out at last

Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver wing on
high
She's a-wingin' westward bound, high above the clouds
She'll fly where the morning rains don't fall and the sun
always shines
She'll be flyin' o'er my home in about three hours time

This old airport's got me down, it's no earthly good to
me
'Cause I'm stuck here on the ground cold and drunk as
I can be
You can't jump a jet plane like you can a freight train
So, I best be on my way in the early mornin' rain

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